N paint the best is the cheapest. Don't be misled by trying what is said to be "just as good," but when you paint insist upon having a genuine brand of

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NATIONAL LEAD CO. Chicago Branch, State and Fifteenth Streets, Chicago,

Democratic-Northwest AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

MR. HARRISON and Gov. McKinley probably smiled quite broadly when ex-Czar Reed was humbled by Speak-

IF the newspapers would drop Cox-

THE Tillman whiskey law may not be in the neighborhood of what it ought to be, but there is no discount on the Tillman brand of nerve.

NEW MEXICO's State boomis floundering in Congress, but she is enjoying a gold boom that will go far towards satisfying the impatience of her

THE policy of the United States withdrawing from the Clayton-Bulwer treaty with Great Britain and building the Nicaragua canal without the intervention of a private company would doubtless prove a popular one.

IF a few of the fighting South Carolinians could be induced to migrate to South America there would be fewer revolutions over there. The average South Carolinian does his shooting before his talking.

REPUBLICAN Senators are open in their threats of prolonging the tariff debate indefinitely. Which party controls the Senate anyway? The prince emphatically refused to do so, for, he said, if the king had to be advised controls the Senate, anyway? The whole democratic party is interested in the answer to this plain question.

THE man who says the Senate will not pass the tariff bill should be looked after by his friends, if he has any; he is a promising candidate for a straight-jacket,

Ir is now said that Hon. Levi P. Morton will not pay the price demand-Morton will not pay the price demand-of Marion by the young men of that ed for the republican nomination for town. The boys had been rather remiss governor of New York. Levi always in their attentions to the young ladies was a good judge of values.

What a pity it is that men cannot be prevented by vaccination from taking the indecent gossipy disease, as and made a very charming theater party.

The play was "Wanted, a Husband," well as the smallpox. The man gossip differs from the woman gossip; he is almost always indecent.

No wonder Speaker Crisp declined a seat in the Senate; he did not care to deny himself the pleasure of occasionally using big Tom Reed as a cushion to sit upon.

FRIENDS of other democrats who wanted to be Public Printer will forget their personal disappointment in rejoicing that so good a democrat as Thomas E. Benedict, of New York, is remitted.—Philadelphia Ledger. will get the office

Score one for Secretary Morton; he warns the public against wasting money on alleged rainmakers. Had Congress been sufficiently warned several years ago, Uncle Sam's strong box would have been some thousands better off than it is.

THE latest tariff bluff is an announcement from an alleged Pennsylvania syndicate of an intention to erect a large tin-plate mill in the country, if the McKinley tariff on tin is not materially changed. It is useless, however, as it is already as nearly settied as anything not absolutely consumated can be that the tariff on tin will be materially changed.

We are firm and honest in our state ment that nothing equals Brant's Balsam for cure of all coughs, colds, throat or lung troubles, as the many letters we have on file help to prove. A recent one from W. E. Rumpel, Columbia, Mich., says: "I caught a severe cold on my lungs last winter and tried several other remedies which did me no good, until my lungs got in a very bad shape" (opiates always hurt the lungs)" but two bottles of Brant's Balsam cured me. I felt better before had used half a bottle." Get Brant's of Saur & Bals-

Tan preacher who undertakes to try the Breckenridge-Pellard case and hand down a verdict from the pulpit may imagine that he is doing his duty, but he isn't. He condemns the lyncher for not trusting the courts, and then he proceeds to follow the example of the lynchers.

Gov. McKinley probably breathed easier when he learned that Coxey's army had crossed the Ohio line. It is now in order for the republican papers in Ohio to begin demanding that the democratic governors of Pennsylvania and Maryland shall arrest or disperse the army.

How the Magnetic Springs lost a good customer is told by John V. Smith, a prominent Oddfellow, Woos ter, who says "I had doctored and doctored without benefit, for sleeplessness and pervous rheumatism with pains all over me, until had decided to go to the Magnetic Springs. Mr. Laubach advised me to try Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer and before had used all the second bottle my rheumatism and sleeplessness were entirely cured." Sold in Napoleon by Saur & Balsley.

PRESIDENT Cleveland has the sam right to veto a bill when it does not meet with his appoaval that every democrat in Congress has to vote for or against a bill, and his financial opinions were as well known when he was last nominated and elected as they are today. These are facts that should not be overlooked by those who pretend to see nothing but a disruption of the democratic party ahead Brethren, the democratic party will ey's army for about ten days it would be living and winning elections long deader than a last-years' bird after we are all dead and forgotten.

Mother Have You a Baby?

If so, get from your druggist to-day for 25 ots, a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. Every baby often has distressing colic. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief by removing wind from the stomach and quieting toe nerves, giving restful sleep. Mother, think of the worry and anxiety this saves you. If your baby is teething, Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for 25 cents soothes and relieves all pain. Sold by all druggists.

Bismarck's Good Humor. The Deutsche Revue publishes the following as an illustration of Prince Bis-marck's good humor: "After he had accepted the ministry of commerce the prince was struck by the insignificance of many matters he had to decide. If, for instance, anybody had been caught illicitly hawking goods and had been sentenced to a fine, but had to be pardoned on the score of poverty, it was necessary for the remis-sion of the fine to obtain the consent of two ministers—the minister of finance and the minister of commerce. Blemarck had taken special notice of a case of this kind. A peddler had been sentenced to a fine of 20 marks, and the under secretary of state reported to the new minister of commerce that he was a poor devil who had to maintain a wife and child and would sink into still deeper misery if the fine were converted into imprisonment. He therefore begto use his right of pardon in all such cas justice would become a dead letter. The peddler has simply not to pay the fine and must escape imprisonment in order to save himself and his family from absolute

but you shall not have my signature for the A Laugh on the Girls.

ruin. The under secretary of state then referred to the traditional practice and ap-

pealed to the heart of his chief, who an-

swered: 'All right. I'll give the poor devil the 20 marks out of my own pocket,

A good joke was played on the girls and had been "stagging" it to the theater, parties, etc., until the girls got tired of being left in the cold and decided to and the girls sat screne through it all, never dreaming that the wicked boys had taken one of the largest flaring posters, "Wanted, A Husband," and fastened it around the box so that all the andience might read.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Rods In Pickle.

One of the most useful institutions of Alexandria, Va., is the parental rod, which is always held in pickle at the station house for the use of such parents as desire to escape fines levied for the offenses of their unruly children. They are allowed to whip the bad boys at the station house, and in that case the fine

where light from within came here and there through an open chink.
"By the side of this glowing cairn stood

Edith, the Swedish maid of all work, tall, slender and blond of hair and skin. Harvey at her side stood rapt in the joy of his cold, flaming mound, but the girl looked

den, at home, the girls and the boys.

snow was damp in the sunshine,' said my host's wife, who was in the secret. 'Then it from hard at nightfall. You ought to have seen how quickly she did it. It's a candle set up in it—do you see that little square hole in the bottom where she puts it in? That makes the illumination. Would you believe that one candle could throw out such a light through snow? She made the sno lykta, as she calls it, to please Harvey, and she was as much de lighted as he was to be piling up the snow laughing as she worked. She got it built, and then, poor girl, of a sudden I missed the sound of her laughter and looked to see her standing by the snow mound crying. It had brought to her so many memories of home.

"Wasn't this a strange scene for th heart of New York city? The snow lamp shining with that wonderful soft flam light through translucent snow, the laugh ing Swede girl standing beside the drift bareheaded, in her gay skirt and blue bod-ice, beside the delighted child; the dark surroundings of somber brick house walls Beyond these the steeple of the new Trini ty chapel stood carved against a co from which the winter stars looked dow upon Swedish farms over seas in the far northeast, where youths and maidens per hance were gathered on many an eminence, laughing and calling and whisper-ing in the glow of their snow lamps or by the same mellow radiance signaling mes-sages, well understood, to distant friends across wide valleys, dark pine forests and sheeted lakes."—New York Sun.

Funny Sayings Are Rare.

Why not try the "most funny" things that have ever been said? Not the wittlest because the wit of a man has been gener ally practiced, trained, forged and temper ed for the sole purpose of being used as rapier for purposes of the duello. More than half the witty things on record con tain the keen and polished epigram which stabs a man in a vital part and leaves him branded for the rest of his life as a fool, ass, charlatan. Of this kind of wit Douglas Jerrold was a master. "Have you seen my 'Descent Into Hell!" "asked Heraud, the now forgotten. "No," said Jerrold, "but I should dearly like to." This was extremely witty. Or-to take an earlier case—when early in the last cen-tury, two rival physicians fought. "Take your life," said the magnanimous victor.
"Anything but your medicine," replied
the defeated one. These are examples of

I want funny things-things that make you laugh, not at the unexpectedness of it, or the sting in it, or the discomfiture of the other man, but at the drollery of it, the humor of it, the audacity of it, the mithfulness of it. For instance, it was suggested the other day in conversation that perhaps the funniest thing ever said was that old and well known story of the question and reply as to the way in which certain people managed to subsist. "They earn a precarious existence by taking in each other's washing." And some of Sydney Smith's sayings are almost as funny.
The witty things are much more com-

Alas, one easily understands that such a collection might be very dreary. We do not all of us laugh at the same thing, and it is infinitely easier to make people laugh than to make them cry.—Walter Besant



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A STRANGE ILLUMINATION.

as a Scandinavian Snow Lamp That Made the Picture of Beauty.
At the house of a friend on West Ninety-third street on the day following our recent heavy snowstorm," said a west side dweller, "we were called from our after dinner game of whist to come to the rear of the house. The summous, proceeding unmistakably from the small but potent lungs of Harvey, the 6-year-old scion of the house, caused us to go to the back parfor windows in haste to see what inventiveness of mischief had seized that lively

youngster at such an hour.

"Harvey was in no trouble this time, but was in high glee over a sight that for the moment took us aback with its beauthe moment took us aback with its beau-ty and strangeness. The yard, the drift and the dull brick walls were softly illu-minated in the mellow but fervent light that radiated on all sides from what seem-ed a miniature Eskimo snow but beside the drift. This edilice, built, as we presently discovered, of large, lossely made snowballs, was in shape an elongated half sphere set on its base, being perhaps 4 feet high by 2% feet in diameter at the base. high by 2% feet in diameter at the case. Its walls drew together as they rose, closing at the rounded top. It was as luminous as a porcelain lamp globe, but its glow was varied by delicate shadings caused by the curves and inequalities of the balls of snow and bright shafts and gleams

up laughing.
"What on earth is that, Edith?' called out my host through the open window.
"'It is a sno lykta. What you call it in American? A lamp—a snow lamp—a light?' her teeth flashing white as she laughed the more, 'what we make in Swe-

"She made it this afternoon when the

mon than the funny things, partly because life is always, as Beaumarchais call-ed it, a combat, and partly because the generality of men are more disposed to say things sharp and biting—things that ound-things that make other men afraid of them-than genial, pleasant, laughter moving things. Certainly, if I had belonged to the same club as Douglas Jerrold I should have sat in another room, or I should have sat in the same room without daring to speak. I venture, therefore, to suggest that a collection of funny things might be curious.

DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS. THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHIPTI

WE NEVER GROW OLD.

We never grow old, it isn't the mode, We have pinned our faith to a modern And started out or their to a d started out on the longer road! Our grandmothers were their dainty caps, Our grandmothers took little daily napa— We take the air in our winter wraps.

Our grandmothers aged at fifty or so; But, stemming the tide of the long age, We wear our fifty years of snow! —Boston Woman's Journal.

DIANA'S VISITOR.

It was a very cold day-at least it semed so in Georgia, for the men had all put on their overcoats and the women their wraps. The doors were shut and the windows pulled down. The violets were hiding their purple petals under the broad green leaves; the golden blos-som of the Siberian shrub that, almoudlike, hung on its leafless branches, seemed to be shivering. Only the brave new white Roman hyacinths out in the yard stood erect in the cold, clear air and brought thoughts of "pure eyed Faith, white handed Hope and hovering angles girt with golden wings." Queer fancies about the old doctrine of the transmigration of souls seemed whispered by the tiny tinkle of one white bell, while the tintinnabulation of another hinted that the spirit of the lady in Comus had come again to earth and was visibly embodied in this beautiful flower.

The unattending ears of Mrs. de Lanbey, however, caught none of these nds as she trudged past the stately old Graham place, where the hyacinths stood in the yard in great groups. Far other thoughts engaged her mind, while her eye sought her own cabin home on "de turr side de great house." "How long have you been living out here?" asked her companion, a straight, lithe, chestnut colored young man, well dressed and with a certain self respecting air that was unmistakable.

"Ever sence de beginment of de war times I bin liv dar. Dar whar all my chillern wuz borned. Hit gwine on 19 year sence de las' one come. I jes' been see dat gal, kase she saunt atter me. She a smart gal, she is, an she teachin school down in Atlanta now. De chile done change her name so dat I doan know who de folks talkin 'bout when dey 'dress her. I name her Dromaky, arter de pictur ole merster had 'bout 'Hector and Dromaky' hangin up in de dinin room, but she say dat a mighty ig'nant name, and she done change to Ruth. I calls her Dromaky, an dat what I 'spect to call her. I'ze 58 year ole, de boss say, an you cyan't teach old dog new trick. Ain't dat so?"

A kindly smile rested on the face of the young man who was so courteously carrying Mrs. de Lancey's black, shiny valis His answer was an indirect one: "I think Ruth is a beautiful name. Dromaky, too, seems beautiful when it means

talk sorter proper, like my gal do. I dat 'oman whar 'pear so cuyous an talk know'd soon as I sot eyes on you when bout poetry all de time, an sorter mind de train stop dar you wuz a quality nig- yo uv a horse wid de blind staggers. De ger bedout you openin your mouf. Now gal say she love de 'oman jes' sorter you done tote my cyarpet bag and done natchuelly. Den de Yankee 'oman say show de 'havior of a gint'man, I know to me, wid a laughin eye, 'Ax Ruth ger bedout you openin your mouf. Now you bin fotch up right. I ain't got no about Miss Gibson's brother.' Den de disparagement bout you. I knows quality folks when I sees 'em. Dat de kind I bin use ter all my life. Dat de kind Dromaky bin use to, but us doan talk alike, 'kaze she got de 'vantage of eddication an book larnin more dan her mammy is. But she got good horse sense, too, dat chile is, an she ain't no more shame uv me dan ef I wuz a high learnt 'oman lack de black folks is dese days. I fotch Dromaky up right. When she want to be runnin round wild, lack some de black chillern an de white chillern, too, does, I took holt uv her, I did, an I checktise dat gal tell I rectify her. Dat huccome she so 'spectable and 'sponsibled now. Chillern got ter be check-

Again that pleased, quiet, happy smile played over the face of the young man, who had just reached out a smooth brown hand to take the rough, hozny, age veined hand of Dromaky's mother and assist her in stepping across a muddy place in the path that, turning aside from the big road, led by a "nigh cut" to the whitewashed cabin among the clustering pines.

"Is the nearest house your home-the one with the honeysuckle clambering over it and the jonquils in the yard? How pretty they look!"

"Dey bleedged ter look bright, dem blooms is, 'kaze Dromaky sot dem out when she wan't knee high to a duck. She a mighty chile fur lovin flowers, an ole miss gin her dem roots, 'kaze de pig yard done overgrowed wid 'em, an she want mo' room for her hyacinths what you see bendin an wavin 'bout yonder. Dromaky wux de white folks' favorite an de black folks' favorite too. Wharsomever dat chile go she 'taches folks to her. She ain' discentemptions an bigoty like some

gals, an she got heap a fun 'bout her."

By this time they had reached the gate of the little yard with its clumps of pines, its patches of tender grass, its great bed of daffy-down-dillies dancing in the February breezes, and like the face of Lady Una making sunshine in a shady place. The young man held the gate open for Diana to pass in first, hesi-tated a moment, then went in himself, saying, "I will put your valise on the

"You got ter eat a snack wid me man. You done act de gentleman to me. You must er come from de low country. De black folks and de white folks bofe down dar got raisin's and behavement. Dey ain't got no 'dayciousness an de disparagement dat de folks got up hyar in dis part de worl. Us used ter live down dar atter we comed f'om Fredericksburg, 'fore we comed up hyar. Come 'long in an eat a snack wid me. I gwine meck some coffee an fry some meat, an Dromaky done stuff dat balise plumb full uv good things on one side. I gwine give you some, kase you got sich good

She seemed scarcely aware that her companion had rarely spoken during their long walk. His very silence had

been so full of a sort of high bred deference and courtesy that she was perfectly at case with him. Years before, when the father of this polite young man was a slave and drove the carriage of Colonel Porcher in Charleston, a distinguished foreigner once said to his own-er: "Rarely have I met in all my travels any man with such fine manners as your carriage driver. There is something about him which makes me think of an exiled prince, and, what is to me perfect-ly wonderful, his bearing, while so respectful, does not suggest the slave."
With this inherited tendency, added

to an education at Hampton, no wonder that Fontain Clayton had been classifled by Diana as "quality an no kin to buckra," no wonder that he had found a way to her ready liking, her untutored affection. No wonder that she allowed her heart to overflow and talked to him of her "Dromaky" as freely as a child prattles of its doll.

"You done help me so much I gwine let you set in Dromaky's cheer. Dat's it wid de red ribbon bow tied to de back. Dat chile like pretty things. She an two turr 'omans—teacher 'omans, lack my gal-done rent a room in Atlanta. Hit got a sorter little pretty closet room open off to one side whar Dromaky sleep. De turr teachers got a foldin bed what look lack a bookease in de day time. Dey gits dinner at a restyroom an rests dar awhile, an dey buys bread an cooks cocoa an tea an sich lack fur breakfas' an dinner. Dromaky is so ceart an so little dey calls her de little Joree.' One day when I wuz dar dey wuz all sittin roun de fire. Dromaky got de Scribbler's Magazine, a-readin, an me a-knittin a pair uv wool stockin's -dat all de kind I likes-an Miss Simpsons—she de old maid nigger 'oman— whar teachin. She ain't got much sense. She go pokin roun lack she doan' know what she thinkin 'bout, an nobody else doan' know nuther. She sot dar a-readin a poetry book. Dat all she talk 'bout, poetry an poetry, tell hit fair made me

"Dat turr 'oman is a Yankee nigger an she wear glasses, an she mighty fris-kylike an full uv devilment. She keeps em all livened up like dey got some ense an some understandment. I like dat 'oman. She de one got ter meck de cocoa dat night. She het de water an den go to de cubboard to get de cocoa. All uv a suddint she drap down on de floor an jes' bust out a laughin. Dat little Dromaky she jes' got ter gigglin den, an she giggle an giggle, dough she doan' know what she gigglin 'bout. Dat poetry 'oman jes' sot dar lack a fool an make out she doan see nuthin. De Yankee 'oman laugh so de tears comed in her eyes an cloud up her spectacles. She jes' pinted to de cubboard, an Dromaky rocked back in de cheer, laughin most to

death an sayin, 'Is it—is it—de milk?' " Diana's visitor seemed about "to hurt hisself." He seemed perfectly overcome with merriment. "I axed my gal "Whar you come f'om, man? You next day huccome she think so much uv gal tole me atter we got off 'lone, wid her head layin down in my lap lack she use to do an a daffy-down-dilly jes a-tremblin in her hand whar hangin down, dat she love dat man an done promise to marry him if I gins de con sent." A pause, "I hates mighty bad to think 'bout givin up my little gal," she went on as she lifted from the "balise" a nice cake, put it on the table and turned to the window to wipe her eyes on the corner of the curtain.

Her back was toward her companion. For one moment his head drooped. He lifted it, rose, went to her, put his arm around her and whispered: "I am Mr. Gibson. I love your little Dromaky. I will be good to her. Will you give her to me?"-Eleanor Churchill Gibbs in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Novel Scene at an Amphitheater.

During the performance of a play at the Amphitheater a rather novel inci dent occurred. It was in a scene supposed to represent a mutiny on board ship, and in it the master of the vessel was getting rather the worst of the fight. A sailor who was in the pit and who, it is alleged, had had quite as much stimulant as it was wise for him to carry, shouted, "'Ere y'are, cap'en, I'll lend ye a hand," and immediately proceeded to put his offer into execution by jumping over the barrier and advancing toward the stage. As he was clambering onto the stage he slipped and fell backward. The matter was referred to two constables, and the too willing "Jack Tar" was removed from the building without being able to render "the cap'en" his promised assistance.—Pul-len's Kent (England) Argus.

Settled the Difficulty. He had given her the engagement ring and was telling her fairy stories about the trouble he had experienced in securing a pure white, flawless stone when he saw a sad look creep into the eyes but now fired with joyous mirth and gladness "What is it, my own?" he whispered

in her left auricular appendage. "Oh, Harold, suppose "Yes, sweetheart. "Suppose we should get married!"
"We will, my dearest," he hisse

with a \$10 a week nerve.
"And I should lose this ring in the fuff of our velvet carpets?" For a moment he was dazed. Then a decorative possibility rushed athwart his prophetic soul, and he said firmly: "We will have hard wood floors."— Detroit Free Press.

That's All Bight. Bluffkins—Was that your wife I ou at church with last Sunday? Meske—No. Bluffkins—Ah, some other man's?

"WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD." natic Scene Between Lovers at a

London Ruliway Station.
A curious scene was witnessed yester-day afternoon outside Paddington station. A respectably dressed young woman who had arrived at the terminus from the coun-

storatives were obtained.

Their case proved to be a strange one. The girl had for some time been a shop assistant at a village on the outskirts of South London and had there become engaged to the joung man. She left her place and returned to her parents in the country for a holiday. Somehow or other a report was spread in the village that the girl had suddenly died from influenza, and the news appeared so circumstantial and the news appeared so circumstantial and detailed that is obtained general cre-dence. The lover was disconsolate, men-tioned his griof to the paster of the Metho-dist chapel where he and his sweethears had worshiped, and the minister the next Sunday presched a funeral sermon, draw-ing suitable lessons from the unexpected decease of their young friend. All was over.

The young man was, it appeared, actu ally on his way to Paddington station, on route to the home of the girl, with the view of visiting the grave, when he met her in the flesh, alive and looking very well. She declared that she had written to him once and was astonished not to have got an an swer. He, on his side, averred that the missive never reached him. It is very probable that the Methodist minister who pronounced her funeral oration will soon be asked to officiate at a still more interesting ceremony, in which she will be one of two principal participants.—Londor

"Only the Scars Remain." Says HENRY HUDSON, of the James

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many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc., none impress me more than my own case.
Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings comwhich broke and became running sores Our family play

Smith Woolen

Machinery Co.,

Philadelphia,

Pa., who certi-

fies as follows:

"Among the

sician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my

Mother Urged Me

to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not sen troubled since. Only the se remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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2d and 4th Saturdays of September October February do do March do April. do May. do Examinations will commence at 9 o'clock a, m

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quired of all caudidates; that evidence to be a ersonal knowledge of the Examiners concerning the applicant, or certificates of good moral charac-

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